

There's a garage built into a hill on the other side of the pond. An access road leads to a loading dock on one side and a glass paneled garage door rolls up to a view of the pond on the other. The garage is a tunnel burrowing through the small hill. Inside, stores of flour are kept. Dust leaks from small cracks in the large paper sacks and the whole room looks like it's been handled by the sand renovation. Delivery day is tomorrow, and tonight the room lies bare.

It's our birthday. It's the new year. Lighting shocks through the glass doors. A black light flames above and the room glows with flour. People gather, celebrating the end of the year. They collectively shiver with the next crack of thunder, clasping small bowls of ice cream in their hands. It has a pale green luminosity and tastes faintly of bitter almond. But it's just a snack between dances.